

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

Vol. 4, No. 4, Sept., 1944

Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

New York, N. Y., 5 Cents

Race Prejudice Is Vile

I DON'T like to talk about race prejudice. It is a nasty subject and shouldn't be discussed in polite company. Indeed, race hatred is viler than sodomy because it is a sin against an even more important virtue, charity being a greater obligation than purity.

Nevertheless, I am going to discuss race prejudice now, disgusting as the subject is, on account of the decent people who have such prejudice, through no fault of their own. We live in a nasty atmosphere of hatred and intolerance. Even upright and honest people are unwittingly infected. I want to warn them against this infection just as a physician warns decent people against foul diseases which they may innocently contract, if they are careless.

To such decent people I say "Stop and think." You are proud of being American citizens, proud because you belong to a country that recognizes fundamental human rights, irrespective of race, creed or political preference. This American creed is a sacred and beautiful thing for which brave men have lived and died. You love this ideal and you look with contempt on the Dictators of Europe who have discarded these fundamental principles.

There can be no doubt at all to the thinking man that race prejudice is making a mockery of our American ideal. Think for a moment of the economic status of the Negro. We boast that America is a land of opportunity; we boast that every capable and hard working man can secure, if not great wealth, at least a decent competency under our American system. We boast of this; but it doesn't mean much to the Negro. He finds it hard to get a job, he is excluded almost en-

Rev. Paul Hanly Furfey
Catholic University, Wash. D. C.

tirely from the more attractive forms of employment. He receives less for doing the same job for which the white man receives more. If we stand idly by and let this go on, then we are not being very true to our American principles.

A NOTHER article in the American creed says that every child should have a right to an adequate education. To this end we have built up our great system of public and parochial schools and say that every American who

wants an education can get one. But we don't really mean it as far as the Negro is concerned. McCushton's classic study shows that in those states which keep a separate budget for the white and colored schools, the Negro child receives per capita only a little more than one-fourth what the white child receives. Does this represent the American ideal?

Even more shocking is our attitude toward justice. On the Supreme Court in Washington these words are chiselled, "Equal Justice Under Law." Is there any intelligent American who believes that these words apply to Negroes as well as to whites? If so he must be woefully ignorant, because inequality of the two races before the law is a shameful outrage so patent that no one could miss it. McCord in his well-known study on the subject found that, on the average, the Negro defendant receives a sentence about one-third longer for the same offense.

PERHAPS you are a Catholic. If so, think of this problem in relation to the teachings of your holy religion. Our Blessed Lord gave a very simple test of human relations. He said, "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another" (St. John 13-35). That is pretty plain, isn't it? If we love each other, black and white, then we have a right to call ourselves followers of Christ. If we don't love each other, black and white, THEN WE SIMPLY DON'T HAVE ANY RIGHT TO CALL OURSELVES CHRISTIANS OR CATHOLICS. To call one's self a brother is simply to tell an abominable lie!

How do we measure up to this standard? It is easy for each one of
(Continued on page 6)



Vol. 4 120 September, 1944 No. 4

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

41 WEST 135th STREET

Tel. AUdubon 2-4892

CATHERINE DE HUECK.....Editor

NANCY GRENEILL.....Assistant Editor

ANN HARRIGAN, EDDIE DOHERTY

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS is owned, operated and published monthly September through June and bi-monthly, July-August by Friendship House at 34 West 135th Street, New York 30, N. Y. Entered as second class matter December 13, 1943, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription Price 50c Year. Single copies 5c.

Sixty Per Cent

RECENTLY a big Chicago daily published a reported survey which mathematically proved that 60 per cent of the white American population thought that the Negro was perfectly satisfied with life in the United States, and that there was nothing to worry about, as far as he was concerned.

This, in the face of our racial problem being one of the gravest this country will have to correct in the coming post-war period.

This in the face of the unconstitutional, undemocratic practice of segregation and jim crowism throughout the land.

This in the face of the unchristian, ungodly attitude that bars the Negro from some denominational schools, colleges, and allots them "specially reserved" sitting places in God's own House—the Church.

This in the face of race riots and a continuous simmering discontent among the Negroes in every State of the Union.

This in the face of an uncomprehending, illogical, yet intensely real flouting of God-given human rights, not to mention those granted by the Constitution of the United States.

FOR the Negro in this country IS restless and angry, which is not to be wondered at. For not only is he still relegated to segregated areas of both our urban and rural communities, but his children have neither equal educational nor work opportunities with the white race. Nor can he, himself, emerge from "behind the veil" and take his place in God's sun.

Nor can we overlook the fact that the eyes of the entire world are on us and our splendid boys in the Armed Forces, who, so it seems to the outsider, fight for a democratic way of life, while thirteen millions of their fellow citizens of darker skin are barred from it.

The answer to this riddle lies in one word—EDUCATION. The findings of that survey would have been entirely different were our education realistic and thorough.

AND we Catholics, who have the fullness of God's Truth, who believe in the Mystical Body of Christ and the sublime doctrines flowing therefrom . . . who believe that Christ died to make all men brothers of one another and of Him, and children of Our Father Who art in Heaven . . . we should be leading the way in that education.

Starting with the teachers in Seminaries, Novitiates, Normal Schools, continuing through them into our schools, parochial, High, College and Uni-

versity, the Negro and his problems should form a regular part of the curriculum.

Negro history, especially in the United States; the over-all racial picture with its spiritual, social, political implications, should be integrated into our programs, for never was the harvest so ripe in this part of Our Lord's vineyard . . . never were workers more needed for it.

ST. THOMAS of Aquinas says that man is an indivisible trinity of soul, mind and body. The Popes call all Catholics to participate in the APOSTOLATE OF THE HIERARCHY. It behooves then for all to embrace the whole Negro Man, and that again means EDUCATION.

For America must be free after this war. Free for a Godly peace. Free in conscience, free from corrosive, deadening prejudices, free in the sight of God and in a national state of grace. **AND THE SHORTEST ROAD TO FREEDOM IS KNOWLEDGE.**

A Kingdom of Strange Ends

*Emperor of cotton fields and slums
And shanties by the railroad track:
These are my high prerogatives,
My privilege for being black.*

*I speak no fierce, ironic jest;
White Brother, yours the wind-swept skies;
Mine but a Kingdom of Strange Ends,
Hedged in from promise, mocked by lies!*

*And now strange rumblings at its base,
Vague prophesies of things to come,
Have blanched the laughter on my lips,
And my soul smitten dumb.*

*Not that way out! O God, not that!
Let me perform Thy ancient will.
Dilute me not with alien white . . .
Autonomy of color still!*

Sister Mary Justine, S.C.N.

"EVEN if it were possible to ignore the moral significance of denying one-tenth of the nation—the Negroes—a right to make an honest living on a basis of merit, America certainly cannot at this time afford to keep thirteen million of its citizens in economic bondage solely because of color. Morally speaking nothing that is being done in the United States today gives the Axis Powers a better opportunity to condemn democracy than the treatment of our colored citizens."

—"American Negroes and the War,"
Earl Brown, Harpers Magazine, April.

Practical Do's and Don'ts For Better Race Relations

Or Negroes Also Have Feelings!

DON'T ever refer to Negroes as "nigger," "coon" or "darky." These are epithets of derision.

DO say "Mister," "Mrs." and "Miss," and teach your children to do the same.

DON'T call colored adults "boy," "girl," "aunty" or "uncle." Negro women dislike the term "Negress" because in Southern newspapers it is used in a derogatory manner.

DO address adult Negroes by the customary titles of polite and civil society.



DON'T write Negro with a small "n." It should commence with a capital as do such words as Jew and Indian. It contributes to racial self-respect. Descriptive words of color such as white, black, brown, yellow, need not be capitalized.

DO forego the questionable pleasure of telling "nigger" stories or tales about your "old black mammy on the deah ole plantation." A little thing perhaps, but little things do as much as big things to wear out nerves.

DON'T let your children grow up to be little Nazis, but teach them now an appreciation of human personality, regardless of the color of the skin it is clothed in. Train them in good racial manners, which means both Christian and democratic manners. As members of Christ's Mystical Body they can't begin too young to respect all people of every color, economic status and nationality.

DO show disapproval of segregation, discrimination and prejudice by writing your congressmen and your newspapers whenever you see an opportunity to promote better racial understanding and to correct flagrant misinterpretations of

democratic and Christian principles. Letters are powerful.

DON'T act paternal toward Negroes. Paternalism is almost as deadly a sin as deliberate mistreatment. Negroes just want to be treated as ordinary human beings. On the basis of accomplishment the Negro feels he should be treated as an equal. This is, naturally, the crux of the problem.

DO read books and newspapers and magazines which give the Negro's side of the question and tell the truth about the problem. Read LaFarge's "The Race Question and the Negro," McWilliam's "Brothers Under the Skin," Embree's "Brown Americans," Charles Johnson's "Growing Up in the Black Belt," the well-edited "Negro Caravan." Also such magazines as Interracial Review, the Crisis. And among the newspapers, the Chicago Defender and the Pittsburgh Courier will help you find out what



kind of people Negroes are, and what they think about.

DO ask radio stations and newspapers to give Negroes a break. Millions of white people have never heard an educated Negro speak, yet there are more than 55,000 Negro college graduates.

DON'T treat Negroes as inferior children, no matter how kindly you feel towards them. They have their upper, middle and lower classes too. Snobbish perhaps, but Negroes resent the blanket generalization that all of them are alike, just as do white people. The red cap who carries your bag in the railroad station may possibly have a Masters degree!

DO drop any inclination to say aloud, especially in public convey-

(Continued on page 8)

A Harlem Flat

By MABEL KNIGHT

LUCIUS, his seven sisters and brothers, and his mother and father live in a four-room flat. It's a railroad apartment, which means that there are no doors on the rooms but you walk from the front room to the bathroom through the ends of the two bedrooms. Lucius is the oldest, fourteen, and the youngest is ten months. The big girls have the back bedroom, the big boys the front bedroom, and she and her husband sleep with the little ones in the front room. The rooms are tiny, big enough for only one bed. Necessary decent privacy is completely lacking in the apartment.

Nor is that all. Lucius' family are ambitious, decent people but the father makes only \$18 to \$25 a week so they can afford rent in only the worst part of Harlem. The thin walls and the open windows admit profane and vile talk at all hours of the day and night. But when it becomes too bad, Lucius or one of his brothers or sisters will pipe up with, "Stop that cursing!" And such is the power of innocence even in such a place that the ugly stream stops for a while.

BUT who is to blame for such scandalizing of Christ's little ones? For as surely as God is in heaven someone will suffer for it some day! Will it be merely the flotsam and jetsam of Harlem? Will it not also be the man who designed such an apartment with no idea of his high mission of planning a place for a decent family but



merely to save money for his greedy employer? Will it be the man who pays Lucius' father such a small wage? Will it be the landlord of a decent flat who refused Lucius' mother when he found that she has eight children and he allows no children in his apartments? Will it be the man who demanded that Lucius' father make a

(Continued on page 6)

Around the House

ANN HARRIGAN

S. O.S. S.O.S. Can some kind readers help us to complete our files of Friendship House News? We need the following issues:

Volume 1—Nos. 2, 5, 6, 8, 11

Volume 2—Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 12

Please, dear readers, look in your old files of Friendship House News and see if you have any of these. The files of the Lord should be just as perfect as the files of an efficient business house, so we are doing our best. Will you help us?

* * *

WE wish to thank everybody for their very generous response to the appeal for the children in the Camp. If you could see these kids who were going to Camp it would really be the best kind of Thank You that you could get.

Now I wish we could do what the Eastern clergymen did with the colored kids—they housed them in homes of white Vermonters. There aren't enough camps to take care of all our kids. So next year we hope some people who have extra rooms out in the country will welcome one or two of our little charges.

* * *

WE are still living in the glow of our Retreat at Childerly, and wish you could all see the pictures of the picnic in "Heaven" which followed.

The heat here in Chicago has let up and we have been basking in some nice, cool breezes, which doesn't hurt a bit when we have 60 or 70 kids in the Casita.

The Visiting Vols. Look Back

"SO you're working at Friendship House this summer! Tell me all about it." This very well-meant remark almost knocks me for a loop for a few minutes. Where to start? There are so many sides to F. H. and, as a summer volunteer, I certainly couldn't "tell all." But there are loads of things too good to keep to oneself.

First of all, I firmly believe that anyone who is part of F. H., for no matter how short a time, will never be quite the same again. For F. H. is a concrete application of the Mystical Body, and such a contact with Christ as a living, vital reality, is a terrific experience. I would say that F. H. is truly a place where people of all races and creeds can work, talk, recreate, and pray together and thus begin to understand and love each other as brothers in Christ. After all, as the Baroness de Hueck, founder of F. H., has so often said, "Without interracial justice, social justice will fail." But no amount of planning without Christ as the foundation can possibly achieve such justice.

As to the activities, there were for us volunteers the orientation program and the vacation school. The last week of June, we had a whole week of indoctrination on such things as the crisis of our times, the complete split between religion and life; the background of this crisis; the absolute necessity of the lay apostolate to do its part to "restore all things in Christ," by dynamically living Christ's life through the Mass and in daily life.

Of course, these talks were really only starting points, especially for us new workers, points to be driven home, developed by reading and thinking, and lived daily. In table discussions, all of us broadened our ideas, particularly on interracial topics, for I, for one, had never heard the Negro's side of intermarriage, housing, jobs, etc. Cliff, Ken, Esther and Tena gave us new insight from their various angles of experience in government jobs, Catholic college life, high school problems, and teaching; while we white workers told, for example, of Catholic college attitudes and background and reasons for much white prejudice. Such give and take is invaluable. For how can any solution be reached when one side supplies what it "thinks" is the other side's viewpoint?

FROM ten to five, the Casita is a "Heavenly Bedlam," except when all depart on trips to free movies, parks, museums and picnics. All the groups worked feverishly on their craft projects, using papier mache, paper plates, and felt designs, South American in theme, in honor of our patron, Blessed Martin de Porres.

While doing dishes the other day, Cliff and I got to gabbing and were amazed at all that had happened and at how much we had learned. But mainly we remarked how prejudice just evaporates when you get to know people. I think the realization that hit me most forcibly of all was that each person is an individual whom you like or dislike for his personal qualities, not mere physical accidents.

EVEN in brief and hasty retrospect, though, I know I shall never forget my summer at F. H.; the first days of "getting the feel" of life on 43rd street, street cars, "L's," fire engines and stock yards adding to the atmosphere of heat and busyness; days in the Casita with sixty of "God's angels" alternately singing, dancing, brass tapping or praying; nights of lectures, coffee, cake and discussions such as are seldom heard nowadays—white and colored Christians jointly discussing God, the supernatural life, Catholic Action, our vocation as Christians, etc.; the retreat which thirty of us made out in the country, literally and figuratively, "out of this world," with three days of silence, liturgy and lay apostolate.

The strongest and most lasting of



all is the intangible spirit of r charity, experienced wherever l apostles work and eat, play a pray together; the spirit fou wherever people are trying to re ize and love Christ every day every act, and, above all, to s Him in every person.

Maryellen Muckenhirn.

TRIBUTES

WHAT does Friendship Ho mean to me? It means G and faith in Him. The kind of fa that removes the obstacles star ing in the way of progress. We this generation stand in med such faith. Man alone can offer cure for our present prejudices, only in the touch of the Gr Physician shall we find love a peace. Friendship House und stands and acts this way. Frie ship House means love. Such l releases the highest impulses human nature. It is the volunt surrender of self. The proof of sincerity lies in service and sa fice, in loyalty and understandi

Friendship House means people—many kinds of fine peo It almost seems as if God, aware the varying problems of hur life, has looked down into th hearts, shaping each life to purpose. Friendship House proaches peace on earth. For there is unity of purpose, unity belief, unity of character, unity God.

Now I am leaving Friends House, knowing that the lay apo late which I will be represen is not commonly accepted. I unique and radical. The memb like Christ's twelve apostles, set apart. They live in a lon world—a world that is lonely earth because spent for God. I leaving Friendship House know that Love and Faith in wor affairs are not merely attempt impossible idealism, but a scien way of living. It works.

Lois M. LeVasseur



le spirit of real
ed wherever lay
eat, play and
ne spirit found
re trying to real-
st every day in
bove all, to see
on.

Muckenhirn.

friendship House
? It means God
The kind of faith
obstacles stand-
progress. We of
and in need of
one can offer no
nt prejudices, for
h of the Great
re find love and
o House under-
his way. Friend-
love. Such love
est impulses in
is the voluntary
The proof of its
ervice and sacri-
d understanding.
use means fine
ds of fine people.
if God, aware of
blems of human
down into their
each life to His
ship House ap-
earth. For here
purpose, unity of
character, unity in

aving Friendship
that the lay aposto-
be representing
accepted. It is
al. The members,
live apostles, are
live in a lonely
that is lonely on
nt for God. I am
p House knowing
Faith in worldly
erely attempts at
m, but a scientific
works.

M. LeVasseur.

TWO wonderful, hard working months have been spent at Friendship House, by me, in Chicago. What have I learned? What have I gotten out of it? And what is my impression? These are some of the questions all of my friends will be asking. My answer to this can only be in the simple words: "Time will tell." I only hope it tells a wonderful story that will justify the months at Friendship House.

Esther Davis.

HATS off to the F. H. Vacation School where the program was aimed at the possession of the highest ideals and the Holy Spirit was the goal!

The religion classes occupied themselves with the Commandments of God—the counsellors elucidating them by bringing in concrete examples from Bible stories and daily life, then pointing always to God's great love for us; thus setting a new high in ideas for some of the children in the community.

Knowing that industrial education develops and trains the mind as well as the hands, and that effective education develops out of a child's experiences, the curriculum makers planned a smooth workshop in handicraft. For children living in such a congested area as this, with so few or no chores, and very few garden spots, the school did much to supply the deficiency in industrial training.

Another principal feature of the school was the emphasis placed on physical education, the planners realizing that there isn't a real playground within the radius of a mile and a half of F. H. The South Side Boys' Club was the old swimming hole for the larger boys and the Madden Park wading pool accommodated the little ducks. Baseball, hikes and games all lent themselves to the development of spiritual and social qualities through play.

Still another phase of the program was dramatics, which aimed at the development of poise. A short skit, "A Minute in the Life of Blessed Martin," depicting his humility, his generosity, and his love of the Holy Spirit, climaxed the class activities.

And then there was the Little Library with its reading game. This, I believe, was one of the most important contributions to the Summer School program. Its purpose was to implant and encourage

KIDS KOLUM

Trips:

"IF MR. CLIFF and Mr. Bill were in the army, they would know what it means to walk in line and hold hands." "Why can't we stop at every water fountain?" "Do we just have to give Miss Scholes all our money?" "Where are we going, and why can't we ride the bus?"

These are only a few of the statements made by the children about the trips. They found it very difficult to understand why we have so many rules and are so rigid about them. Every Thursday some of the counsellors would take the pupils of the vacation school to the Museum of Natural Science in Grant Park. On Saturdays, we visited museums, zoos and parks.

In religion classes we learned that God gave us the Commandments to help us to be happy on earth and get to heaven. We must have rules for our tours to be sure that the children enjoy the trip and to give the best protection to every boy and girl. The children's money was collected before the trip so we wouldn't have a little boy eating too many jelly beans or going up to the gum machine when it was time for the "L" to pull away.

Our first weekly tour, we went to the Museum of Science and Industry in Jackson Park. All of the boys and girls remember sitting on the shore of the lagoon singing the "Marines' Hymn" as some sailors marched out of the Academy, and "Anchors Aweigh" as the marines marched in.

The following week, we went to Lincoln Park, and, of course, no one will forget Judy, the huge

the habit of reading and to develop the ability of the child to express himself by reporting on books. A prize was given to the child who read the most books.

Friendship House Vacation School, as I evaluate it, struck a new high in all-round child development. Again I say, hats off to the curriculum makers. This has been one of the most enjoyable and stimulating summers of my life!

Let's we forget—those encouraging words from the religious and interested lay folk who dropped in to see us certainly did help. Thank you so much.

Tena Roseman.

elephant, getting down on her knees and waving her trunk to make the Sign of the Cross before receiving her supper. Edwin is still trying to decide whether the snakes were dead or asleep. Nina got a big thrill out of watching the bear stand on his hind legs to catch peanuts. The children were sorry not to see George Washington's horse in the Historical Museum.

One time the six little Tuckers forgot their lunch, so each child contributed a sandwich to make up a lunch for the boys.

So our tours proved very interesting and enjoyable. They were more like a picnic than tours, as the places we visited were usually near a park, giving the children an opportunity to eat, play games, and romp in the wide open spaces.

Cliff Thomas.

* * *

SPEAKING OF SCRUPLES: In one of the religion classes, after a long, home-hitting, mind-awakening exposition on "bad example and impression," we emphasized the point that everything we do affects others, and whatever we do, we are impressing others for good or evil. One of the little darlings noticed a small classmate slumping in her chair, and out of her babe's mouth came: "Miss Esther, look at Shirley giving an impression."

* * *

The "trials and troubles of a teacher" were clearly brought home to this counsellor when after ten minutes' explanation of "Thou shalt not kill," all its different aspects and stories to illustrate it, she asked hopefully: "Now, Verlie, what do you think is the biggest reason that people break this Commandment?" From miles away came the dreamy answer: "To please God."

Then there was the day that we found out what constituted "A Lady" in the eyes of one tyke. Twice she asked her counsellor: "Is Maryellen a lady?" Finally, her victim answered: "Why, of course, but what makes you think she isn't?" "She never wears lipstick!"

During papier mache week in crafts, the more bold of the neighborhood rodents used to destroy each night the models we slaved over every day. Doris decided she had the solution, but kept it to herself. Finally, she produced the masterpiece, a papier mache rat, saying proudly: "They wouldn't dare break this up!"

Staff Reporter

By N. J. G.

WHAT a glorious weekend the last one in July was for FH Staff, volunteers and friends. We "retreated" to the Holy Child Convent in Suffern, N. Y. for our sixth annual retreat. Different from former ones, it was "closed" and how we did enjoy the luxury of the big, airy dormitories in this large country school. The men slept nearby at the Eymard Seminary, thanks to the kindness of the Blessed Sacrament Fathers.

Dr. Paul H. Furfey gave the conferences, as usual, and, as usual, impressed upon us the necessity of planning our lives and choosing logically and clearly, between God's ways and the world's.... which differ so noticeably, especially in MOTIVE. The need for down-to-earth, practical every-day charity was also stressed....the charity that results from a realization of our participation in the Mystical Body of Christ, and which flows from the conviction that we are our brother's keeper.

The retreat closed Sunday evening with a picnic under the trees, and we departed refreshed in body as well as spirit. The hospitality of the kinds nuns could not have been surpassed. It was a satisfying and memorable retreat.

A LONG with our usual Monday Night Forums, which continue summer and winter, we have had a Public Speaking Course this summer, which has proved so popular, we hope to have another in the Fall. Mary Fregeau, a volunteer, has done a grand job as instructor in giving wouldbe speakers confidence and teaching them the techniques of this necessary art. As articulate Catholics we need not know only WHAT to answer questioners of the Faith, but the BEST means of putting our thoughts across.

And for help as to WHAT TO ANSWER NON-CATHOLICS, we have had the rare privilege of having Mrs. Frank Sheed throughout the summer lead the discussions on the things of God at Friendship House Outer Circle Meetings. These occur every second Sunday evening on Riverside Drive, and

everyone is most welcome to join in. They are stimulating, instructive and loads of fun....because it IS fun to meet with friends and discuss the verities of God. If you can come, call Nancy Grenell, at AU. 3-4892 to find out where and when.

HIGHLIGHTS OF AUGUST, for the kids, were the weekly trips to the various beaches under the able supervision of Mabel Knight and volunteers....the annual trip to Maryknoll, where not the least of their own enjoyment was the entertainment they gave for the seminarians. How they do love to sing, and believe me, they sing WELL! Also, for most of them, the weeks spent at summer camp, thanks to the generosity of the many friends who sent in donations, gave them added strength and health, and a chance to breathe fresh air and play away from the hot, dirty city streets. Your response was wonderful—there is no measuring rod to measure the good you have done these little brothers and sisters of Blessed Martin. God bless you all for your charity!



Bl. Martin de Porres

Food Costs More in Harlem!

It costs you about \$1.50 more a week to buy food in Harlem than you'd pay if you lived in any other section of the city where the income level is about the same.

In Harlem you are short-changed, short-weighted; you get inferior grades of meat for higher prices than good grades cost elsewhere.

Race Prejudice

(Continued from page 1)

us to answer the question for himself. Let him ask: Am I doing anything about the evils mentioned above? Am I doing my humble part to get equal opportunity, justice and civil rights for the Negro? Do I treat Negroes without discrimination? That is do I give to the Negro as readily as to the white man those common courtesies which custom requires toward strangers?

Above all, am I scrupulously careful in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament not to do anything which shall make it the least bit awkward for a Negro to worship his Lord side by side with me in Church?

THE presence or absence of race prejudice is a fine test for the good American and the good Catholic. We don't become good Americans by flag waving and by shouting on the Fourth of July. **WE BECOME GOOD AMERICANS BY SACRIFICING OURSELVES FOR THOSE PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH AMERICA STANDS**, specifically for the principles of equal justice and equal opportunity for all men. We don't become good Catholics by wearing holy looks, nor by an abundance of pious prattle. We become good Catholics, by living up to the great laws of the New Testament, the greatest of which is the law of love for all mankind black or white, slave or free, friend or enemy. Here is the test. It is up to us every one to measure up to it.

Reprinted from March, 1942
F. H. News

A Harlem Flat

(Continued from page 3)

higher salary before his family could enter a government housing project? Will it be the people of the small town where Lucius was born who would not allow him to do anything but pick cranberries because he was dark-skinned? If they had been real Christians he and his family would still be in a cottage on Cape Cod, small it is true, but with privacy for each one, their own yard, their own garden, and the clean green ocean at the end of their elm-shaded street.

The Baroness Jots It Down

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE is the strangest place in the world to me. I never know from day to day what is going to happen there next. Now we are in the lecture business. And like Friendship House News, our little paper, "it just happened." Certainly nobody planned it! True, I have been lecturing for ages. Ever since that woman came into the Gift Shop of a department store where I was clerking, way back in 1923 or 1924, and asked me to tea, at which she begged me to say "a few words" to some friends of hers who would be there, on my trials and tribulations during the revolution in Russia.

Well, that was easy then. It was all so vivid in my mind. I did. The next day I got an offer from the Chautauqua people to give the same "talk" for a hundred dollars a week. I did that too. Ever since I have been speaking on the lecture platforms of the nation. But I thought that was all over when I started Friendship House. For when I started them I did not even suspect that they were going to materialize.

I thought that I would go down (or is it up?) to the poor and work, live, laugh and cry with them, as well as tell them that Christ was a worker too, and so, in a tiny fashion, counteract the propaganda of the communists among them. I imagined that by the end of my life I might have, with the grace of God, converted say ten or twenty of them at the most. That was fourteen years ago. And look at what happened! The unexpected, to be sure. Friendship Houses came out of that little seed . . . just like that. Certainly not through me, but through the grace of God. First in Toronto, then in Ottawa, then before you could say "knife," there was one in Harlem and now one in Chicago, and the end does not seem to be in sight yet.

One day Mary Jerdo, then a Staff Worker, decided that we needed a newspaper, so we mimeographed one. Sent about fifty copies out, and today we have about three thousand subscribers. Then someone, I forget who, noticed that not only was I swamped with lectures, but the demand grew for other members of Friendship House and for my Irishman of a husband. Well, someone else said that here was the making of a Lecture Bureau, and so there was. May I, therefore, officially announce to you, our friends, old and new, that:

Friendship House Lecture Bureau at 8 West Walton Place, Chicago 10,

Ill. (Tel. Delaware 0470) is booking for the season, 1944-1945 . . . the Baroness Catherine De Hueck, Miss Nancy Grenell, Eddie Doherty and Miss Ann Harrigan. For further information write to me at the above address.

* * *

OUR Chicago Saturday Nights—spiritual discussions—which we officially call the meetings of Friendship House Outer Circle—have been suspended for the rest of the summer but will start again on Sept. 22. This date will fall on a Friday because our Saturdays will be Fridays from then on. Friday



has been voted a better day—so, *Chicagoans take notice*—Friday, Sept. 22, at the Holy Name Cathedral Library, 3 East Chicago Ave., second floor. Come one, come all and bring your friends.

* * *

FALL is around the corner, and so is school. Children's dresses, suits and shoes are urgently needed by both Friendship Houses. A set of the Catholic Encyclopedia is wanted for our Outer Circle. If you can spare one, please send to me at 8 West Walton Place, Chicago. Mrs. Carmen Welch of Nazareth House, Ramsey, Ill., desperately needs a davenport bed . . . will pay freight charges. Father Pat Dwyer of the Sacred Heart Church in Combermere, Ontario, Canada, is still short of money for that Jesuit Shrine of his we wrote about last summer . . . PLEASE!

BOOK REVIEW

By Catherine de Hueck
FATHER TIM, by Harold J. McAuliffe, S.J. Bruce Pub. Co., 2.25.

FOR all interested in Christian Social Justice . . . what we modern Catholics call "Personalism," but which to all ages since Christ meant simply being our brother's keeper, "Father Tim" is a book not only to be read, but studied.

It is a glimpse-by-glimpse story of a great priest, a great man and a great American. It unfolds itself in the darkest district of beautiful St. Louis, Mo., where drunkenness, lust and crime held undisputed sway and goes on to tell how one man in love with Christ in his neighbor, faced, fought and changed that district.

It is a simple story, yet a grand story. One is almost tempted to call it a text book of modern sanctity, for to many Father Tim was just that . . . a saint . . . if one thinks of a saint, unofficially, as a lover of God and men.

And the best part of this great story is that it is a modern one from which you and I can learn today. Written in a language that we all understand. Pass this book along to those who say that our American priests are unrealistic, to those who clamor that the Church is divorced from the people, to the sneering communist who says there is no God. "Father Tim" will soon show them their error, for Father Tim mirrored God . . . he was what every Catholic priest is . . . an Alter Christus.

Make this book one of the first on your Fall list for reading . . . you will be glad you did.

Subscribe to FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

50 Cents a Year

Get Your Friends to
Subscribe!

34 West 135th Street
New York 30, New York

ST. THERESE

By James E. Bulger

DURING the year of the canonization of St. Therese, the Paulist missionary, Father John Handly, preached in Toronto a novena in honor of the saint. It was a great success. Crowds came daily, heaped flowers at the shrine, crowded the church at the May devotions, so that the famous preacher was forced to step over kneeling devotees to get to the pulpit.

Would such a novena attract crowds today? Devotion to the Little Flower has cooled. Father Handly says she has suffered the same fate as the Master; Whom the crowds also finally deserted.

The gangsters of the prohibition era had a trenchant phrase, "He can dish it out, but he can't take it." We seem to be able to dish out our prayers when we seek like the men of old a cure for leprosy, or like the petitioners of today, a better job, or less pain from our arthritis, but we can't take it when the Little Flower sends us an answer that looks like a refusal; roses that look like thorns. After the loaves and the fishes have been multiplied we are filled. Only the hungry ones of the world and the greedy stay with their saints.

These grasping ones receive, give thanks, seek other favors for themselves and for others, and so continue to storm Heaven, now for a soul, now for a trifle; imitating the man in the Gospel whose friend came in off the road hungry, they knock at the door with a holy persistence until at last they are heard.

FOR twenty years I have prayed to St. Therese, and never to my knowledge, save in one unimportant affair, have I received her help. I know, however, that prayers are always answered, and St. Therese, whether I knew it or not, heard my petitions, and I continue to ply her with numerous requests. One day I trust she will humiliate me for having written this article by showing me how much more than I asked she has obtained for me over the years.

Other saints, Blessed Martin, St. Anthony, St. Stephen, St. Jude, have time and time again left me in no doubt that they have interposed in my behalf. That the saint

of Lisieux also obtains favors is certain, but in my own case, and perhaps in the case of many others, she hides her gifts and asks us for faith. She is the great saint of faith, and one of her prerogatives is to teach her clients child-like confidence. This great gift in turn makes prayer invincible.

IF we want all our prayers answered, let us go to St. Therese, who will procure for us faith by which to obtain all things, or perhaps she will herself pluck us a beautiful rose. Louis Martin's daughter has not changed in Heaven. She is even more tender and sympathetic now than she was as a girl in Lisieux. She is waiting for petitions; she seeks to scatter roses on earth. "I will come down," she said.

A revival of interest in the "Story of a Soul" will send petitioners to Therese. It is possible that the "Song of Bernadette" may cause many to turn to spiritual reading and perhaps to that book filled with the perfume of a life so sweet that it caused Our Lady to bring a smile to a statue of stone.



Return Postage Guaranteed
FRIENDSHIP HOUSE
34 West 135th St., New York 30, N. Y.

Do's and Don'ts

(Continued from page 3)

ances such nauseating things as: "I just love Negroes!", or "I think colored babies are the cutest things!" It would gall you too, if the situation were reversed.

AND FINALLY, make a real effort to be friends with Negroes. You can easily find many who are your equal in ability, intelligence, appearance, charm, good manners and cultural likes. Meet with them, eat with them—the breaking of bread is a symbol every human being in the world understands.

There will be no successful world order, no lasting peace until men of all colors realize they are truly brothers under the skin... brothers of a Christ Who died for all mankind... sons of a single Father, Who made Heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is.

Nancy Grenell.

The Negro Prays

Lord
Keep me away from bitterness.
If I must suffer
Let me know that this is all
Part of the destined plan;
Let me remember You
Upon the Cross
And how You suffered too;
Then look upon my lesser pain
Not as futile loss,
But richest gain—
A heaven,
Which intensifies my joys
And merits for me—
Heaven!

—Beatrice M. Murphy

"Any Christian who harbors race prejudice is living a lie."

—Father Kilgallen.